

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 17

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JANUARY 25, 1920

## The Lost Umbrella.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

**D** ID I leave my umbrella in here, Jim?" questioned Phil Cortland, one of the seniors at Langdon academy, stepping into Jim Dutton's news-store in the centre of Langdon village.

"No, Phil; you had it with you when you left here; I remember seeing it under your arm as you walked out. You were reading the paper."

"Then I left it down to Pierre's, the cobbler's," declared Cortland, turning to go. "That is the only place I have been since leaving here. Went in there to get my heels fixed up. I'd hate to lose that umbrella. Mother gave it to me for Christmas. Best of silk, and a gold handle with my monogram engraved on it. I'm going to beat it for Pierre's."

Three minutes later Cortland stepped into Pierre Bruso's little cobbling-shop and glanced hastily about the tiny shop. "I left my umbrella here, Pierre," cried Cortland, excitedly, not seeing anything of his property.

"You leave no umbrel' here," replied the Frenchman, looking up from the shoe he was tapping. "You com' in with just paper in your han'."

"See here, Pierre, I want that umbrella, and I want it now!" roared Cortland.

The cobbler shrugged his shoulders and laying down his awl, swept his hand about the room. "See! No umbrel' here. Pierre tell you true."

"That umbrella will be a dear one to you, Frenchy!" growled Cortland, convinced that the cobbler had hidden it. "Keep it, but I'll guarantee that you will get no more work from the academy this year!"

"Ah tell you Ah no see umbrel'!" cried the cobbler. "How Ah keep heem, Ah no see heem?"

Cortland went out, banging the door behind him. Returning to the news-store, he poured out his tale of woe to Jim Dutton.

"I'll fix his flint, believe me!" he exclaimed. "The whole of the boys up to the academy will know about that thieving Frenchman before night. He has done his last job of cobbling for us boys while I am at the academy. My word goes with the boys."

"I know you had it under your arm when you left here," reiterated Dutton. "I would be willing to take my oath to that effect. He won't get any more work from me, Phil."

Cortland got busy at once when he got back to the academy, and, true to his word, he warned all the boys to keep away from Pierre's shop. Without exception they all promised to carry their work elsewhere.

It was early in January that Cortland

lost his umbrella, and the ensuing four months were lean ones indeed with Pierre. He had depended quite largely on the academy work, and with that cut off, he had little more than made his expenses. Affairs with him were fast coming to a crisis.

"I was luckier than you, Phil," remarked Frank Kimball one morning early in May, meeting Cortland down in the village; "left my umbrella on the car, but got it again. Found it up to the car-barn. The conductor turned it in. Saw one up there I would have liked to have claimed—silk umbrella with a gold handle that had a monogram on it. The man that handed me mine said it was turned in four or five months ago. By the way, what is your middle initial, Phil?"

"B."  
"I'll bet that's your umbrella, then!" exclaimed Kimball. "P. B. C. made up the monogram."

"I'm going up there and take a look at it!" cried Cortland. "If it is, I ought to be kicked from one end of the town to the other and back again. How in the world will I ever square things with the Frenchman. Come on, Frank; I'll pay your fare up and back."

"When did you lose your umbrella, young man?" questioned the man at the car-barn, when Cortland stated his errand.

"It was the first Saturday in January." "Describe it."

"It was a silk umbrella with a curved gold handle. Just where it began to curve were my initials in a monogram—P. B. C."

"What car were you on and about what time?"

"The car that passes the academy, going toward the village. About nine o'clock, as I recall it."

"I guess we've got your umbrella, young man," said the custodian of lost articles, stepping into the adjoining room.

"Does that look like it?" he queried, a moment later returning with a tagged umbrella.

"I should say it did!" exclaimed Cortland.

"Keep a good grip on it in the future," laughed the man. "That kind of an umbrella don't always turn up."

"Jim, you had better see an oculist about your eyes," remarked Cortland half an hour later, walking into Dutton's store.

"How's that, Phil?" queried the news-dealer.

"Why, last January you thought you saw my umbrella under my arm, when as a matter of fact it was taking a ride all by its lonesome on a trolley-car. Just found it up to the car-barn."

"You did!"

"Here it is, Jim."

"So Pierre didn't pinch it after all?"

"No, and that's what is worrying me. It's up to me to square things with him. I am going to do my best."

"Me, too, Phil. I certainly thought you had it with you that day. Now my stunt for the next thirty days is going to be to speak a good word for Pierre to every customer that comes in here. I don't care if I tell them half a dozen times to patronize him. I am going to make a



By J. A. Gower.

MAKING REPAIRS.



clean breast of it, too, how cocksure I was about that umbrella."

That afternoon Cortland asked permission to address the students of the academy, and, the request having been granted, he walked to the front of the hall and faced the entire school. He recalled to the boys' minds the loss of the umbrella and how he had prevailed upon them to boycott Pierre Bruso.

"Boys," said he, "I found my umbrella to-day up to the car-barn, where it has been awaiting an owner ever since that day. I have greatly wronged Pierre Bruso. Following my wishes, you have done your part to drive him out of business. Now I am going to ask you to switch your patronage over to him. I am going to ask all those who have got a job of cobbling to be done, to stand up."

The entire academy arose in a body.

"That's great!" cried Cortland, grinning. "Don't all go down to Pierre's at one time, however. Spread the work out over a fortnight or so."

"Three cheers for Cortland!" shouted Frank Kimball.

The response was thunderous.

Late that afternoon Cortland went to the village, and reaching Pierre's cobbling-shop, entered. He found the Frenchman seated at his bench, idly staring out of the window.

"Here's half a dozen pairs of shoes to be tapped," said Cortland, handing over a bundle he had brought with him. "We will have upward of two hundred pair more here for you within the next thirty days."

"Two hundred pair!" ejaculated the cobbler.

"From the boys up to the academy," explained Cortland.

"From the academy?"

"My name is Cortland," said Phil. "I am the one that lost the umbrella last January."

"From that day bad luck heem com' to me!" exclaimed the cobbler. "You spoil my beeziness."

"I know it," groaned Cortland. "Now I am going to try my best to make things right. I found my umbrella to-day. I left it on the car that day."

"Ah got no money buy leather for seex pair shoes," declared Pierre.

"Where do you buy it?" questioned Cortland.

"Corner nex' street."

Cortland was off on the run, and a moment later reaching the leather store he priced sole leather.

"A pair of soles will cost you about fifty cents," declared the salesman.

"I want a side of leather," said Cortland, putting his hand in his pocket.

The figure named astonished him not a little, but he did not flinch. The money in his pocket he had planned to spend for a new suit, but he gave up the idea on the spot. Five minutes later he reached the cobbler's shop and dropped the big roll of leather on the floor at the Frenchman's feet.

"How is that, Pierre?" he questioned.

"That ver' fine leather," replied the cobbler, "but Ah tell you Ah got no money to pay for heem."

"Shake hands with me, Pierre, and the leather will be settled for," replied Cortland, a bit huskily. "I want to do my best to make things right."

"Meester Cortland, you one beeg-hearted yo'ng man!" cried the cobbler, gripping Cortland's hand. "Ah forget all 'bout that umbrel' so queek. Now Ah go work jus' like heem engine—choo-choo, seexy mile a meenute."

### The Wonder-Keys.

THE key-man strolls with his ring of keys,  
And taps on his little bell,  
"You who vainly knock  
At each wonder-lock,  
I have keys, good keys to sell!

"See, this will open the fatal room  
Of the Bluebeards—note the stain;  
This, the mountain-side  
Where the Piper pied  
Led the children in his train.

"This fits the door of the slumber-witch,  
When she spins beneath the eaves.  
And this other key  
Is the sesame  
To the cave of Forty Thieves.

"What's this you say—there are no such doors?  
These stories were never true?  
Ah, good day, good day,  
Let me go my way—  
I can sell no key to you!"

EUNICE WARD in  
*The Child's Hour.*

### A Trial Balance.

BY HATTIE VOSE HALL.

"WHERE is Rhoda?" asked Mr. Bennett, as he glanced around the circle of bright faces at the supper-table and missed the sweetest one of his eldest daughter.

"She's gone up to the Delanos," answered his wife, as she tied Bobby's bib, and poured out the baby's bowl of milk. "Evelyn came home with her from school, and was so anxious Rhoda should go home with her that I allowed her to do so. They will drive her back at eight."

Mr. Bennett looked grave. "Do you believe it is best to let Rhoda go to Evelyn's often?" he asked. "She may grow discontented at home." His wife smiled. "Rhoda knows we have some nice things—such as babies—that the Delanos haven't, and I think she is too sensible to be envious of their beautiful home. Poor Evelyn hasn't a brother or sister, and she is so happy to have Rhoda that it seemed unkind to deny her. Her wistful little face went to my heart."

After the baby had been put to bed, and Roy and May had had their after-supper romp with their father, and twelve-year-old Ernestine had reluctantly departed bedward, and Mrs. Bennett had gone up too, to have a little chat with them, as was her custom ("tucking us in," the children called it), the front door flew open, and Rhoda, all excitement, with her eyes shining like two blue stars, burst into the room.

"O Father!" she cried, running to him and throwing both arms around his neck in an ecstatic embrace, "O Father! I've had *such* a good time! I never stayed to supper at Evelyn's before! They have the

most beautiful silver and cut glass! And we had chicken salad, and rolls, and olives, and lovely frosted cake—and they brought me home in their limousine—and Evelyn wants me to come again soon!"

Her father laughed, and laid his hand lightly on her golden-red hair as she slipped into her accustomed place upon his knee.

"Didn't you miss us? I missed my biggest girl!"

Rhoda blushed, but shook her head. "No, I don't think I missed any one," she said honestly. "I was having too good a time. Where's Mother?"

"Tucking the children in," replied her father.

Rhoda was silent a moment, but her interest in the wonderful things at Evelyn's had not subsided.

"Father," she went on, "how much do you suppose the little brass bed Evelyn sleeps in cost? Ninety dollars! And her cat's collar cost ten, and her emerald ring her father gave her cost?"

"And yet"—said her father, "pardon me for interrupting—Evelyn is a poor girl."

Rhoda looked up in astonishment, but she saw the twinkle in his eye. Nevertheless she was puzzled.

"She has three Liberty Bonds, all her truly own, and a turquoise-and-diamond ring—and two War Savings Certificates—and a wrist watch in a gold bracelet—and two hundred dollars in the bank (she showed me her bank-book). How can she be poor?"

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth," murmured Mr. Bennett, but Rhoda was too absorbed in her own thoughts to notice him.

"Why, she's the richest girl in Robin-town!" she finished, and, confident she had proved her point, smiled contentedly at her father.

"Bring me two sheets of paper from my desk, dear," was all he answered.

Across the top of one broad sheet he wrote "Evelyn Delano," and across the other, "Rhoda Bennett." Then he drew a line down the center of each sheet, and over the columns thus formed he wrote the words "Blessings" and "Trials." Then he gave them to Rhoda. "Just a balance-sheet," he said, "that I want you to keep for a week. Then we'll total them, and see how we come out."

"Why, Father!"—Rhoda said, then stopped abruptly.

"Just put them down the way you told me," he said. "Watch, Liberty Bonds, and so on."

Rhoda obeyed, and added a few she had forgotten—a pink coral brooch, a cameo pendant, a gold belt-buckle. Evelyn's list made quite an imposing array.

"Now your side," said Mr. Bennett.

Rhoda wrote for a minute. "Didn't take long for yours," was her father's comment, as he read aloud.

"Two War Stamps,"—

"And I earned that blessing myself," supplemented Rhoda.

"All the better," said her father, going on with the list: "—grandma's gold beads, ten dollars in the bank, class ring, and pin which was the family's birthday gift." Not a great show beside Evelyn's, but by the end of the week you may have thought up a few more blessings. Now



for the trials—your indigent father for a starter!"

Rhoda gave him an impulsive kiss. "Never, never, Daddy! You're on the blessings side—with a big B!"

Then she looked doubtfully at Evelyn's sheet. "I don't know any trials she has," she said.

"Never mind, you can fill them in later. Put in some of yours, and be honest!"

Rhoda nodded, wrote a bit, and handed in her paper with a laugh, sitting in a chair opposite, to watch his expressive face as he read.

"I have been honest, so don't laugh!" she warned. Thus admonished, Mr. Bennett read without smiling, but there was a merry twinkle in his eye as he ran down the list.

- (1) Red hair.
- (2) Quick temper to match.
- (3) Having to wear all my last year's clothes.
- (4) Eating cereals.
- (5) Hardness of geometry.
- (6) Miss Urdell, my Latin teacher—she's so disagreeable.

Her father gave her back the list. "Six trials are not very many," he remarked. "Some of these are curable evils, but 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and I suppose Miss Urdell is a necessary evil, but even she may have her redeeming points when you know her better."

Rhoda nodded. "Perhaps she thinks I'm disagreeable, too," she said.

"Then she certainly doesn't know my girl," said Mr. Bennett. "But 'to know all is to forgive all,' you know."

Next morning Evelyn came over to see if Rhoda could make her a two days' visit, and Mrs. Bennett consented a little reluctantly, as she preferred to have her children in their own home, out of school-hours, but Evelyn's wistful little face gained the day, and Rhoda departed in high glee, her "best" white dress and her grandma's gold beads in her week-end bag.

Friday morning found Rhoda home again. She helped her mother with the housework, gave baby his nap, and took the children all off for a walk in the afternoon. She said little about her visit until the children had gone to bed, and she was sitting with her parents in the pretty little living-room. Then she broke forth:

"Father, you must have thought me a thick-headed girl to say Evelyn had more blessings than I have. Well she hasn't! I know she has more—more!"

"Worldly goods?" suggested her father, with a smile.

"Yes, worldly goods—that's just what they are. But her father goes into his den and reads and smokes by himself, and her mother has ladies to play cards all the time. I know they mean to be kind to her, and they give her beautiful things; but that's the easiest thing in the world to give, if you have it, Father—just money—or what it will buy. It seems just as if she was in the way. They don't even kiss her good-night. I thought of course her mother was coming up to kiss us after we got in bed—but she didn't. It felt so funny not to be tucked in—you know you can't tuck *yourself* in!"

"No, you can't," assented her father.

"And," went on Rhoda, bravely, "I'm ashamed of this—but—you know they had company to dinner last night, and I tried

## Boy Lieutenants in Aleppo.

BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

(The third story about Armenian children.)

I HAD already met the founder and head of the orphanage at Aleppo of which I told you last week, Pastor Shirigian, who in this and other institutions in the city is caring for no less than seventeen hundred Armenian children. His short, rotund body seemed to be everywhere. He had the facile face that could pass from smile to warning frown and back again to affectionate smile like a summer sky. A riding-stick hung—even while eating—from his wrist by a metal chain, but it was a scepter of authority rather than an instrument of punishment. It was his dominant, inexorable, yet fatherly personality which controlled these vigorous youths. But were there not lieutenants among the boys? Yes, two, and they came, at my request, to tell me the rules by which this turbulent family was kept in such good order.

Rules? They were few enough. Here was a sturdy boy of fifteen, dark, with a mass of black hair that was noticeable even among Armenians, with a quiet, firm manner that meant authority. He was the head-monitor indoors. In answer to

not to mind that my dress was so simple, and I wore my beads. But Evelyn is so pretty, and she had on a lovely blue crêpe gown, trimmed with lace and light blue velvet, and she wore the pearls her father gave her for her sixteenth birthday, and when I saw how she was dressed I didn't want to go down. Then I remembered what Mother has always taught me, that clothes are only veneer—the real person inside is what counts. So I swallowed my pride, and tried to be the lady I've been brought up to be. Evelyn's mother wore such a handsome gown—white lace; and one of the guests—there were two couples—wore a lace dress, too; but the other lady, Mrs. Scott, wore a simple gown that wasn't any nicer than your best one, Mother. And her husband sat next me, and he said he was a boyhood friend of Father's, and wished to be remembered, and wished he could run around to see you, but he's just here over-night."

"Ned Scott!" exclaimed her father. "I wish I'd known he was in town."

"He said he respected you more than any man he knew," went on Rhoda, happily, "and he felt sure I had a sensible mother, though he'd never met her. That was a compliment for Mother and me both, wasn't it? But his praise of you, before them all, made me so proud, Daddy! I forgot all about my 'girlish muslin'! But I heard the other lady say to her husband she thought it was a pity for a young girl to be so overdressed as Evelyn was—and I thought it so rude, when she was the Delanos' guest."

"You really must run to bed, Honey," said Mr. Bennett, pinching her rosy cheek. "I think you may have found a few trifles to put on Evelyn's side of the account—that may even counterbalance red hair and strict Latin teachers."

Rhoda whirled around and gave her mother a tempestuous kiss.

questions he said the utmost liberty was allowed so long as the boys played good-naturedly. What, then, if they should quarrel, as boys will? He went to them at once, he said, and told them that was not the way to make good Armenians. That appeal was usually sufficient. If not, he took them by the hand and led them to their teacher.

Another boy, a year older, more slender and agile but equally poised and capable, was the guardian of the boys as they passed through the city. The importance of his post is seen when one remembers that Aleppo is peopled mainly by Arabs who are Mohammedans, while these boys are Armenians and Christians. The feeling of the Arabs toward them is always strained, and at times bursts into fury. Within a few months a race-riot has taken place that resulted in the killing and wounding of scores of Armenians, one tragic feature of which was an attack on one of these very orphanages.

Before this outbreak, the monitor informed me, the boys were frequently insulted and at times molested as they passed through the streets. But now the military forces are everywhere in evidence, and the city seems not only quiet but safe. He warns his boys, he said, to avoid quarrels at all cost, to bear all rather than provoke a conflict.

"How could I think just *things* count for blessings?" she exclaimed. "Why I've got a whole family,—all mine,—and good health, and a lovely sheltered home, and the best care in the world—and!"

"A little mother to tuck you in!" finished her father.

## The Blessed Initial.

HOME is the very nearest,  
Most treasured spot and dearest.

HEART is where true Home ties  
Bind, and where true love lies.

HEAVEN on earth is ever where  
Home its perfect joys declare.

HAPPINESS is, by every sign,  
Where Home and Heart and Heaven combine.

How blest the letter "H" must be  
To initial four such words for me!  
Home, Heaven, Happiness, and Heart,—  
Each of the Perfect Whole a part.

FREDERIC A. WHITING in  
*The Christian Register.*

In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the War Office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said, "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter; read it for yourself."

The letter said, "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land." *Argonaut.*





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

10 PLAINFIELD STREET,  
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have written one other letter, but I have read so many since that I thought I would write another. I was eight when I wrote the first letter. I am now ten. I live in Lexington, Mass., and go to the Follen Church and Sunday school. We have had one hundred and one pupils and with the teachers there are one hundred and thirteen. Mr. Gale is our minister. We voted to-day to have a Christmas tree. I take *The Beacon* and like it very much. My aunt is my Sunday-school teacher. We use the lessons you got out, in our class, and in all the classes, I think. Ours are "God's Wonder World."

Hoping you have a Happy Christmas.

DOROTHY REED FOSTER.

## A Child.

(For Child Labor Sunday, January 25, 1920.)

A CHILD am I, yet in me lies,  
A part of the future of the race.  
A child, in whom the good and ill  
Of ages past have left their trace.

A child—with right to dream and play;  
To grow just as God's flowers do.  
A child—look deep within my eyes  
And you can read God's message true.

Protect me now, that I may keep  
The Flag of Freedom floating high;  
Protect me—that the altar fires  
Of Truth and Justice may not die.

Protect me, for the Master said:  
"Let little children come to Me.  
And ye, whate'er ye do to them,  
Ye do it also unto Me."

Protect me—ye of larger growth,  
Hear my appeal: Please take my hand  
And lead me safely through the days  
Of Childhood into Grown-up Land.

OLIVE G. OWEN.

## Church School News.

IN Unity Church, Cleveland, the devotional service of the church school is receiving especial attention, attendance is increasing, and a fine spirit is shown. Several new teachers, including young men, have been secured this year. This is a large school with a fully graded course of study. It has stood for years as one of the best schools in our fellowship, and seems now to be bettering its former fine record.

Every issue of *Our Work*, the monthly paper of Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, gives interesting news about the Howard Sunday School. The motto chosen for the year is this: "Come, let us worship and work together, in the spirit of Jesus, for the Kingdom of God." Teachers' meetings are held weekly; the subjects for study are two Beacon Course books, "Our Part in the World" and "Heroic

9 ATLANTIC STREET,  
WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club, also to wear the button.

Am a little boy ten years old and belong to the First Unitarian Church in Winthrop, and go to Sunday school every Sunday and enjoy it.

I like our minister very much. His name is Rev. R. W. Savage.

Yours truly,  
ELMER K. VAZQUEZ.

BILLERICA, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and I am in the sixth grade.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and our minister's name is Mr. Walsh.

The class which I am now in gave a play which was in *a Beacon*.

I have read *The Beacon* for a long time, and hope to become a good member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Your true friend,  
CAROL M. CORKUM.

Lives." The school is graded and the Beacon Course is used in all classes. For the Harvest Festival the pupils brought offerings of fruit and vegetables, autumn leaves and flowers, which, arranged on pulpit and platform, made the decorations. Almost all the classes brought well-filled baskets or boxes, and the Beginners' class marched up the aisle with each child carrying a gift symbolical of the harvest—a loaf of bread, nest of eggs, bag of flour, fruit or vegetable.

## The Biggest Christmas Party.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEACON CLUB members will be telling us about the Christmas parties in their church schools, and the news column will have more to say about them. Will our readers like to hear about the biggest Christmas party in all the world?

It was held at the Grand Central Palace in New York for the thousands of children of foreign parents who live in that great city, and it lasted all Christmas week. A hundred patriotic societies united to give the party, which was called "Playland."

There was a great Christmas tree, and a Santa Claus, of course. There were games and much music. There were plays and entertainments given in many different languages, so that all might hear them in speech they could understand; while carols were sung in more tongues than Babel knew.

"I saw three ships come sailing by  
On Christmas Day in the morning"

sings one of the old carols. The Editor sees three ships that came sailing by on Christmas Day for those many little children, born perhaps in another land than ours, to bring them joy and happiness and a sense of the real, true heart of America. And those ships were Friendship, Fellowship, and Citizenship.

Did we all send cargoes on these ships to the little new Americans who attended that party, and to many others like them in this great land of ours?

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 10, 2, 7, 3, is to dispose of by sale.  
My 4, 6, 3, 7, is to draw with force.  
My 7, 9, 10, 11, is not so much.  
My 8, 9, 3, 7, is a girl's nickname.  
My 5, 6, 3, 3, is good measure.  
My 2, 1, is an interrogative ejaculation.  
My *whole* is something we all strive for.

RACHEL K. YOUNG.

### ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 3, 11, 13, 2, is a Scotch girl.  
My 1, 7, is a condition.  
My 9, 6, 5, 4, is a water conductor.  
My 7, 10, 6, 12, is a witless person.  
My 8, 1, 3, 12, is a part of a window frame.  
My *whole* is a place well known to Unitarians.

FLORENCE G. HANSON.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. A shoemaker's implement.
2. A girl's name.
3. To break with a cracking sound.
4. A strip of linen or cotton.

CATHELIA E. POLLOCK.

### PROGRESSIVE WORDS.

The last three letters of each word are the first three of the next.

1. A church official.
2. A bird.
3. Pertaining to the back.
4. A fish.
5. A day of the week.
6. A town in Ohio.
7. An organ of speech.
8. Visitors.

Youth's Companion.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?
2. What precious stone is like the entrance to a garden?
3. Pray find a word, if you are able, which will produce a chair and table.

Sunday Afternoons.

### TWISTED MOUNTAINS.

- |                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Sgtaunwhin. | 6. Guaocanac.     |
| 2. Eipks Akep. | 7. Oangl.         |
| 3. Tervese.    | 8. Tarara.        |
| 4. Onafmfh.    | 9. Myfnreso Apek. |
| 5. Rfjesofne.  | 10. Esvayhr Eap.  |

B. M. D.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXIX.—Children of Bible lands.  
ENIGMA XXX.—Louisville.

LOST CARPENTER'S TOOLS AND TERMS.—Frame, lines, plane, bored, bit, tack, hammer, nail, scaffold, chisel, square, gage, strike, scratch, claw, level, saw, augers, design, braces, line, specified plan, plumb, wall, adz, awl.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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